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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 12, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON MUSIC....No. 3.

Having occupied two numbers on the Composition and Design of Music, it may be proper to make a few observations on the performance of it.

Musicians in general, or those who style themselves such, have no more idea of the performance of Music, than the greatest blockhead has of oratory. The intentions of the composer and the poet are lost in the jargon of Quixotic invention. Few there are who feel the sacred flame which ought to be excited in singing praises to the Creator. Corrupt taste has introduced into most of our churches tunes which ought never to find a place either there, or in compilations of Music.* Much blame may, with propriety, be attached to most of our compilers, who undertake a business which requires a *master*, before they even know the *gamut*, or are entered *apprentices*. By the time they have learnt their *thirds*, *fifths* and *eighths*, our ears are filled with *new* music, *original* music—why surely, say some, the fellow must know a great deal, or he never would dare to present his performances to the inspection of the public! Many are deceived with the impression of this idea; but they ought to be informed that such wretched, phlegmatical stuff is as far beneath criticism, as their rules of counterpart are beneath the immortal Handel; that the *real master* rests under the belief, that the public will not long be deceived by such petty pretenders.

But where good music is selected, and performed with propriety and taste, nothing can be more charming. Music is an insearchable and excellent Art, which rejoiceth the spirits and unloadeth

* Could all Musical Collections pass through the renovating hands of the Compilers of "*The Salem Collection*," our ears would not be so often filled with unmeaning, incongruous sound. The Salem Collection may, with propriety, be said to be like unto gold seven times refined.

grief from the heart, and consisteth in time and number. Its beauties may be further illustrated by the following lines, addressed to a lover's dulcenia :—

"Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks, unfed, seem'd list'ning on the plains ;
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend,
And birds neglect their pinions to attend."

SELECTED.

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

[*Concluded.*]

CHAPTER III.

THE SIGH. AN INCIDENT.

"By what rule of justice, Maria," said he, "is the bosom of youth and beauty agitated by so deep a sigh ?—And why, lovely girl ! the melancholy which seems settled on these features ? Is Sorrow so luxurious in his taste, that he can be satisfied with no meaner residence than among the riches and elegances which adorn Maria's heart.

" Despotic woe,—how ruthless is thy sway !
" Maria's griefs, too well alas ! display ;
" E'en beauty seeks for tranquil ease in vain ;
" Nor sense—nor virtue wards the shafts of pain !"

The aunt was stung to the very soul : Courtney relapsed into his former reverie, and Maria began to suspect that she had been hitherto mistaken in her conjectures about Courtney's indifference, and to sooth her fluttering heart with the long estranged whispers of hope. Just at this instant, for so decreed that little urchin, whom ancient and modern wits have conspired to maim and disfigure,—that little urchin whom the Greeks have robbed of his eyes, and whom Le Sage has caused to go on crutches.—Just at that moment we say, in came Betty, panting for breath, and, with a face as long as a methodist parson's, when the congregation forget to drop their money in the plate, to inform Maria that she had let the starling fly out at the window.

In an instant the Hysonean mysteries were suspended ; and, without saying a word, the priestess flew from the neglected altar, and hastened up stairs to regain her little favourite. Courtney flew with equal speed to lend assistance, and Betty was preparing to follow, but her malignant mistress, desirous of depriving Maria of her little favourite, was willing to rob her of all the assistance she could, and detained the muttering chambermaid where she was.

Her malignant design was, however, disappointed. No sooner did the bird, who was perched on the outside of a window, see the fond hand of his mistress held out to him, than he flew upon her finger and suffered himself to be put into his cage without resistance.

Courtney now laid hold of the trembling hand of the lovely Maria, and was going to lead her down stairs. They had got to the door ; Courtney's hand was on the lock ; when he was surprised to hear a voice, at the further end of the room, distinctly pronounce "heigh ho !—oh Courtney !" He turned round in astonishment. Maria made a feeble effort to withdraw her right hand, while, with the other, she covered her eyes, and endeavoured to conceal her confusion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

"Whence could that voice proceed? said the wondering Courtney; but he was quickly resolved. "O Courtney! dear Courtney!" said the starling again. His heart fluttered with tenderness and surprise. The flame which, without his suspecting it, had been long kindling, now burst out all at once. He gazed with ardent delight on the embarrassed Maria: he pressed her hand to his bosom. As for our poor heroine, not the aspin so trembles before the gale—not the rose so trembles on the pendant thorn, when the vernal shower has bent its blushing head. "Charming Miss Howard!" said the youth, with a look and accent of the utmost tenderness, "may I, sweet enchanting girl! presume to inquire if the bird has ever any company but yourself?" —"O Mr. Courtney," replied Maria at length, with a faultering voice, "why do you seek to insult and triumph in the weakness of an inexperienced girl?" —"Perish the wretch whose unfeeling heart is capable of such baseness!" replied he, with the honest warmth of sincerity. "Contempt and apathy be the portion of that man, whose heart does not vibrate with increasing tenderness, when artless beauty, yielding to the sweet dictates of nature, reveals the tender feelings of her heart. But let me read my fate in those embarrased eyes,—thy sweet confusion,—thy enchanting silence; these are the modest heralds of the heart."

Maria attempted to withdraw her hand.

"Thou must not go, my sweet Maria, yet!—Thou must not snatch from me so soon the transport thou hast given. Heaven make this hour my last, if I love thee not with the purest ardour that ever warmed a youthful heart. Oh! stay and hear me vow how much I love thee!" (A sigh, a blush, an involuntary smile, evinced how pleasing was the subject to the heart of our trembling heroine.) "Dear, charming bird! delightful accident—" continued he. "Pray let me go Mr. Courtney," said the faultering Maria, "my aunt will wonder at our delay."

Thus did Maria, though she could have listened for ever with delight to the fond vows of Courtney, endeavour to persuade him to desist from a conversation the most delightful to her ears: but Courtney knew the sex. He was aware they are not born to command, they generally despise the man who implicitly obeys them. In short, an eclaircissement took place, which terminated with the warmest professions of unalterable affection on his side; and on that of his lovely mistress, in that soft and modest confusion which, in eloquent silence, speaks the pure fondness of the virgin heart.

CHAPTER LAST.

THE SONNET.

The short season of courtship rolled gaily away, and, as even the malignity of a maiden aunt could start no reasonable objection to their happiness, the torch of Hymen was shortly bade to blaze once more with the bright, but long forgotten flames of mutual sympathy and disinterested affection.

Shortly after the happy bridegroom, reflecting on the little circumstance which had produced the discovery of their mutual attachment, composed the following sonnet with which we shall conclude our tale.

SONNET TO THE STARLING.

How oft the tuneful bard's enraptur'd strain
  Hath sung the praises of the turtle dove!
And Venus' self receives him in her train,
  The fav'rite emblem of the power of Love.
If to the raidient synod of the skies
  The goddess flies, her turtles too are there;
And if to Paphos' happy isle she flies,
  To Paphos' happy isle her turtles must repair.
But oh no more, bright power! the turtle grace,
But to thy starling yield his envied place:

For goddess, say, did e'er thy fav'rite dove,
To love, or lovers, half so friendly prove?

II.

The early lark, that heralds in the day,
And gladdens Nature with his dulcet note
Has oft been sung, in many a sprightly lay,
Sweet as the warblings of his attic throat:
In grateful rapture oft the Muse hath strung;
Her heavenly harp, his praises to rehearse;
Who, while aloft, his early praise he sung,
Wak'd her to all the charms of varied verse.
But oh! the lark no more, ye Muses praise,
For, lo! the starling claims your fondest lays:
Sweet bird! whose voice did late the herald prove,
That wak'd my soul to tenderness and love!

SELF-CONCEIT.

FROM ZIMMERMAN.

Self-conceit begets arrogance, haughtiness, vanity, frivolity, and ostentation, appears in various shapes, according to the difference it meets with in the natural intellects, in the mode of education and of living, in the society, in the station, and in the rank, and fortune, of men. In little minds, whatever form it assumes, it is always folly: in minds more enlightened, it sometimes is linked with knowledge; in all it subsists either openly or in secret at the expence of others, especially where it is the only antidote against the malice with which a number of fools depreciate one wise man.

The self conceit of every one must of necessity clash with that of his neighbour, and of coure increase by opposition; for who ever is not as much valued by others, as he thinks he deserves, esteems himself the more, by comparing their supposed ignorance with his ideal worth; while, by openly contemning his competitor, this last is likewise induced to fall into the same train of thinking with respect to his own advantages, which he, by the same mode of arguing, conceives to be superior to those of his neighbor, for exactly the same reason. Self-conceit too opens the way to an irresistible satisfaction, by the tacit agreement which mankind seem to have entered into, that each shall love in a certain degree in another what they think worthy of admiration in themselves. Now, as in both cases self-conceit in a lively temper becomes a passion, it leads us into innumerable errors, since passion always affects our sight in such a way, that we see but one side of the picture, in which too we are sure to behold no more than we chuse.

We always return to the consideration of our dear selves, just as the imagination of a lover is ever recurring to the contemplation of his mistress; he neither sees nor regards any thing but the object of his affection. So too the self-admirer is blind and deaf to all but his own astonishing perfections; he is provoked at whatever does not exactly coincide with his ideas of them, and supposes that his conviction of their existence is sufficient to render them equally discernible to all: as some years ago, a young English inamorato, possessed with the true sprit of Quixotism, constrained our inoffensive country people whom he met with in the fields round Lausanne, to confess that a certain young lady of Geneva, whom he named to them, was the most lovely of her sex, by threatening them with the point of his sword.

Loving ourselves beyond all others, so we think ourselves entitled to the first place, and believing our way of thinking on all points to be perfectly right, we consequently look upon our judgment as more sound, and our penetration as more subtle, than the judgment or penetratian of such as deviate from our received opinions: with regard to such as agree with us, we only esteem them as representing ourselves; and, misled by these selfish notions, we wish to be regarded in the same pleasing light by others as we look on ourselves; but experience, alas! teaches us that our thoughts, our opinions, and our sentiments, please others only in so far as they accord with their

own; for this reason our vanity forces us to esteem in others that coincidence of opinion which assures us of their esteem, while we cannot avoid hating the contrariety of their sentiments to ours; because we most certainly know, that they for the same reason either hate or at least despise us: and again, many people, averse to disturb the repose they enjoy in the downy lap of self-complacency, never take the trouble to investigate the opinions of others, or to weigh their own against them; and so remaining ignorant of their respective merits, go on in the beaten path of invariably giving the preference to themselves.

SELECTED POETRY.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

No breath disturbs the lake's pure, placid breast;
The vale is wrapt in soft oblivious sleep;
All, all within are sunk to balmy rest;
All, all but me, who only wake to weep.

I sigh, I weep,—but what avails the tear
That Memory sheds o'er dear departed joys?
Or what the sigh that Mis'ry breathes sincere,
When her last hope and her last pleasure dies.

Yet still she weeps, and still, when ev'ning falls,
Seeks the lone shade all mounful to complain;
Sighs o'er each scene that Memory recals,
And "weeps the more because she weeps in vain."

Widow'd of joy, when the day's bright beams depart,
Amid these glooms I wander to lament;
For gloom and silence suit the sad of heart,
And here the morning of my life was spent.

'Twas here I bow'd to Love's resistless sway;
From Laura's eyes the dart, unerring, came:
These shades have heard the fond, impassion'd lay,
These bowers have witness'd scenes of bliss supreme.

Ah me! how fleeting and how short the date
Of all our pleasures, all our joys beneath;
The sun of all my happiness is set,
And welcome now the long dark night of death.

I bless its soft approach—I think it slow—
Fain would I prove the slumber of the dead;
Fain would I try, where yonder yew trees grow,
To lay this aching, this devoted head.

Let other swains, beneath the leafy shade,
Breathe the light flute, and wave the garland fair,
Or lead the walk along the painted mead,
And breathe the tender vow in Daphne's ear.

Be mine, while wearied Nature strength supplies,
O'er thy lone grave, dear, lovely maid, to weep,
And when life's flame evaporates and dies,
Within thy clay-cold bosom may I sleep.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

BY SOUTHEY.

What! and not one to heave the pious sigh!
Not one whose sorrow-swoln and aching eye

For social scenes, for life's endearments fled,
Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the dead !
Poor wretched outcast ! I will weep for thee,
And sorrow for forlorn humanity.
Yes, I will weep, but not that thou art come
To the stern Sabbath of the silent tomb :
For squalid Want, and the black scorpion Care,
Heart withering fiends ! shall never enter there.
I sorrow for the ills thy life has known
As through the world's long pilgrimage alone,
Haunted by poverty and woe begone,
Unlov'd, unfriended, thou didst journey on :
Thy youth in ignorance and labour past
And thine old age all barrenness and blast !
Hard was thy fate, which while it doom'd to woe,
Denied thee wisdom to support the blow ;
And robb'd of all its energy thy mind,
Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind,
Absent of thought, the victim of distress,
To wander in the world's wide wilderness.
Poor Outcast, sleep in peace ! the wintry storm
Blows bleak no more on thine unshelter'd form.
Thy woes are past ; thou restest in the tomb ;
I pause and ponder on the days to come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NATURE AND ART.

Nature, in her magnificence, her wonders, and horrors, should be the subject of our contemplation. Human art and industry, with their ingenous exertions and beautiful effects, oftentimes claim our attention. Each, however, affords gratification to the mind, and gives rise to appropriate reflections. In the former scenes "We look through nature up to nature's God ;" the sublimity of the objects before us fills our souls with sentiments of wonder and adoration ; and our thoughts glance from earth to heaven ; in the latter we contemplate with astonishment the fertile invention, the ingenious contrivance, and the unconquerable perseverance of man, who makes nature herself subservient to his use, and converts the rocks and mountains, the woods, and winds and waves, into means of fort, wealth, and happiness ! The excellence of his nature and the extent of his talents, rise in our estimation in proportion as we attend to his works, and we feel a conscious dignity in reflecting that Providence has placed ourselves in so exalted a scale of his creatures.

THE FEMALE SEX.

"Ah ! how little acquainted are they with the laws of nature," says the celebrated St. Pierre, "who, in the opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing further than the pleasures of sense ! They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruit. The fair sex ! that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea. But the sex is fair only to persons who have no other faculty except that of eye-sight besides this, it is to those who have a heart ; the creative sex, which, at the peril of life, carries man for nine moths in the womb ; and the cherishing sex, which suckles him and cherishes him in infancy. It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in, with the milk of the breast, the love of religion, which the cruel policy of men would frequently render odious to him. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow-creature ; the sympathizing sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles without hurting them !"

PARSNIP WINE.

A late English publication gives the following receipt for making a cheap and excellent wine, superior to that made of raisins, out of the vegtable parsnip.—Wash the parsnips clean, take off the rind, cut them in slices, boil 4 gallons so cut, in 10 gallons of water, till they are perfectly soft; squeeze the liquor well out of them and run it through a hair sieve, and to every gallon of liquor, add three pounds of sugar, and boil it three quarters of an hour; when it is cool put to it a little new yeast, let it stand ten days in an open vessel, stir it frequently, put it in a cask, and when it is done fermenting bung it up for use.

SLANDER.

Against Slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend; nor man deplore so fell a foe: It stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile: It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid: It is the heart searching dagger of the dark assassin: It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable: It is the mortal sting of the deadly adder: Murder is its employment: Innocence its prey, and Ruin its sport.

DUELLING.

A captain of the English army, in answer to a person from whom he had received a challenge, wrote as follows:—"I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use? A buffaloe would be better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender; yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year old colt. As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of any thing that is harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most adviseable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree or a barn door about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will acknowledge, that if I had been in the same place, you might have hit me."

The early conductors of the press used to affix to the end of the volumes which they printed, some device or couplet concerning the book, with the addition of the name of the printer and also of the corrector. In the edition of "The Pragmatic Sanction," by Andrew Bocard at Paris, 1507, the following curious couplet is to be found:—

Stet, liber, hic donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem.

IMITATED.

May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurl'd,
Till an ant to the dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world.

WOMAN.

The female sex is greatly superior to the male in mildness, patience, benevolence, affection and attachment. While the crimes of women, like prodigies, excite our wonder, their virtues occupy every corner of society, and constitute, in its rude or its civilized state, the solace, the ornament, and the ornament of life.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"To note the passing tidings of the times."

SALEM, JULY 5—12, 1806.

7. On the 18th May last, a viloent tornado nearly destroyed all the buildings in the village of Pinckneyville, (Mississippi Ter.)—The roof of the Meeting-house was crushed in, and the body of the house with its contents raised from the blocks and carried 117 feet!—Other parts of the territory also suffered severely.

8. Letters from Liverpool report, that Mr. Fox had intimated a design to embargo American vessels if the non-importation law was passed—the embargo to continue till the dispute between the two nations should be adjusted by negociation.

9. *Lombardy Poplars.*—A *worm* said to be found on the Lombardy Poplar has excited great alarm in Philadelphia and New York; and the extermination of that beautiful, and a short time since, popular tree, is threatened. The alarm is not new.—The year before last it was circulated, that the bite of this *worm* had proved fatal to a child.—This year it is asserted that, an experiment has been made on a cat in Philadelphia; which expired in 45 minutes, in convulsions, after having been bitten on the nose by this worm: —And several cats, in Portland, having been impelled to climb the *poplar*, have died soon after; but from what cause has not been ascertained. Experiments were making in New-York to ascertain the truth on the subject. The *worm* is described as being of a pale chocalate colour; with a forked tail; from one to four inches in length, and having from ten to fourteen feet. That such a *worm* has been found on and near the Poplar tree is certain; and the writer of this article has handled and destroyed many of these without any injury; and never knew any hurt to arise to the cats which are in the constant habit of ascending these trees, when hunted by a dog. The subject however may demand inquiry.—And it is easy to ascertain whether a tree contains any of these worm by spreading a cloth under it in the evening, and stiking the body of the tree with the head of an ax. We think the alarm groundless.

Since the above was written, we have seen an account of numerous experiments made by Dr. Parish, of Philadelphia on cats and dogs, which establish the falsity of the clamor against the poplar. *Centinel.*

MARRIED,

At Lancaster, Mr. William Lambert, jr. mer. of Roxbury, to Miss Lucy Hiller, daughter of Joseph Hiller, esq. late of this town.

At Beverly, Capt. James Fairfield, to Miss Charlotte Goodridge.

In this town, Mr. Thomas R. Williams, to Miss Ruth Abbot. Mr. Thomas Symonds, to Miss Betsey Coombs.

DIED,

In this town, Widow Mary Waters, æt. 74. Mr. Benjamin French, æt. 37.

In England, Mr. Joseph Osgood, jr. of this town.

☞ *Hirax* is informed, that one of his essays has been copied into a late Charleston Courier. We earnestly invite him to renew his correspondence.

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